Mourning Over a Knightess: a Muslimah

"Sometimes words cannot describe, due to the weakness of the describer,
Sometimes words cannot describe, due to the greatness of the described"

By Brother Louis 'Atiyyatullāh

How shameful life becomes, when your lips cannot utter any words, and your pen is dried, and your light is extinguished…

How shameful life becomes, when you see and hear a Muslim woman wearing the *Hijāb*, in the midst of one of the capitols of *kufr* and tyranny, Moscow, saying that she would have died without any value anyways in her own land– so it wouldn't be of any harm, then, to die and take the lives of hundreds of *kuffār* along with her… in their own country, in the midst of their strength and pride… You see that scene, and you cannot find any refuge, except in silence… bowing your head lowly, weeping over your manhood, which was looted from you by the regimes of hypocrisy, and the scholars of hypocrisy…

I was looking at those scenes, and I was captivated by the beauty of this Muslim woman… so silence… and silence, in the sanctity of beauty, is beautiful…

But this is a different type of beauty… it is the beauty of Īmān, which flowered in her heart, such that she sought martyrdom in the Path of Allāh…

The beauty of purity, and the purity of beauty… a beauty which does not remind you of lowly things, nor does it have negative effects upon you; but a beauty, which raises you high, till the stars high above…

A beauty, which reminds you of the meeting with Allāh, in the noblest of places, that of Jihād in the Path of Allāh…

I witnessed five of these beautiful Muslimāt, wearing black… speaking to the Ummah, the speech of courage and manhood, the speech of death…

I watched, and I said to myself:

Say to Malīhah, the one in the black veil,
What you have done to us, deafens even the devout.

But it is not as the original poet meant about what *"Malīhah"* – Mujāhidah - has done to us…

(here) it is what type of a dilemma she has placed us in, when she has thrown the most difficult test for manhood in this era…

I was captivated by those young women who were speaking with the *'Izzah* (pride) of Īmān… and the loftiness of the Muslimah… And I was not able to do anything, except keep silent – Woe to me lest I would speak! How could I speak, when she knew of the depths of humility which I live in, along with thousands of others of those regarding whom it is written on their certificates – "male"… indeed, what a true description that is, for we are not "men", we are merely "males"…

I called my small sister to witness these scenes, and she shrieked when she saw them, and she said, "These are us"… she was not able to see any difference between them and herself… she felt herself as one of them… she said it involuntarily, "These are us"… then she remained, listening and I was keeping watch of her, and saw in her eyes a tear drop… then it became tears, then she left for she could not bare to witness these scenes… And do not ask what happened to me after that… my eyes could not attempt to watch, while it was my eyes which were humiliating me, and it would expose what I was feeling at that moment, of contempt against myself and all those males around me…

I was praying from my heart to Allāh, that they detonate the explosives which they were wearing… the most hated to me, would be that I see a wretched *kāfir* lift the *Niqāb* by which she hid the light of her face … May Allāh be pleased with her, and the *Mujāhidāt* which were with her… or that an impure infidel, the most despicable creature, touch her pure body after her martyrdom…

And the cowardly *kāfir* was disgraced, it did not dare lift the *Niqāb* from your face, except after your martyrdom – As for during your life: Then how could a vile hyena come close to the knightess, the Muslimah?

Indeed you gave an oath to Allāh, upon firmness and patience, and to kill and fight… And you endured patiently, till you fulfilled your covenant, and you were firm upon the path on which the most mighty men shake, on which falls to pieces the hearts of the most valiant cavalry… like that you were killed, in patience, and inspiring… what an excellent martyr you are!

Nothing can ever harm you after having attained martyrdom… as was said by your grandmother in courage and bravery… Asmā' bint Abī Bakr (may Allāh be pleased with them): *"Indeed the sheep is not hurt when it is being skinned, after it has been slaughtered"*…

If you had stayed behind with us, you would have put us in humility… when we were not with you at that crucial time, and we did not die as you died, but we were in comfort to bid farewell to you in the protection of Allāh, Whose protection is never down… Indeed you were in your life, an example of dignity and honour… and in your death, you were the example of fearlessness and audacity…

May the salutations of Allāh be upon you, for indeed you watched over your husband in his life… and after his martyrdom, you proved that you would travel to him through martyrdom, and watch over him once again… I ask Allāh, that He bestows upon you and your sisters, the Highest Degrees in Paradise, and that He unites you with your husbands under His Mercy…

From that which sorrowed me, is that I do not know any of their names, otherwise, I would compel myself to compose a poem for each one of them…

Forgive us, O beautiful Muslimah- no sin is upon you… Indeed you called upon Mu'tasim (the *Khalīfah*) for many years, but you did not find any Mu'tasim… rather, you found a multitude of debased cowards, who asked you, "Do you wear the *Hijāb*? Did you leave along with a *Mahram*?"

Forgive us dear sister… Indeed you called upon Mu'tasim, yet you did not find anyone, other than a mass of "hermaphrodites" who sold their land, integrity, honour, and then got drunk at Caesar's house, and danced upon your chastity and honour… Forgive us, *Wallāhi, Yā Muslimah…*

We are the ones to be blamed, for we are the ones who placed those effeminate ones as "Defense Ministers", and rulers and kings over us… and the outcome was what is was…

"And whoever plants a thorn,
He will not reap anything other than bitterness and sorrow."

Blessed be you, O young women of Shīshān! Verily, you have returned admiration and awe for the Muslim woman, after the vile secularists tarnished her name into a cheap image…

Blessed be you, but you taught us a great lesson regarding manhood…

Indeed, one day we were dignified by the Mujāhidīn, and by Abū 'Abdillāh (Usāmah ibn Lādin)… and today the time has come for your pride, for what you carried out, was never before heard by history… nor can anyone do that, other than a Muslimah…

And no matter what we write regarding you, we can never do true justice to you… Rather, by Allāh, you have thrown a piercing arrow into our hearts, which silenced us, and exposed our own reality in front of us…

"The arrow was accurate, and it silenced, when it shot,
My heart, and struck the beast."

And despite all which occurred, and despite the pain which grasped me, while I watched the pictures of my sisters and they were on the chairs of the theatre, martyred… despite that, it was pride that I felt afterwards, and it overpowered all the anguish…

The feelings I felt were mixed… at a moment, I am watching you, and my two eyes are drowning in tears, and then at a moment, I smile happily and in pride… and then I watch, and again the tears come…

Pride, that my sister in my home, learned a lesson – That she will never have to return to the need to call for the assistance of a Mu'tasim, nor of an effeminate defense minister, and she will rely upon Allāh, and she will defend herself, while the real men decrease day by day, there is no harm that the young Mujāhidāt solve problems themselves…

How can this not be, when the Path has been traversed by Chechen knightesses, Mujāhidāt, Muslimāt, and they have seen how they solve their problems when it becomes difficult, and they have understood how death is upon the methodology of Islām…

Indeed, if the Muslimah is to die at the hand of a *kāfir* after having her virtue ravaged, then why should she not go by herself towards death, before she is touched by that *kāfir*, so that a crowd of the infidels can die along with her… let this be the new way of death and dignity for the Muslimāt…

Forgive me, O my sister, you spoke, and you gave us a few words at the beginning of your operation, regarding my abandoning of you… Forgive me, for it is difficult for me to even write this, and forgive me that I was not able to set forth and assist you and those Mujāhidāt who were with you… What you did to me, and the distress of that which you left me with, has disabled me, and disabled my pen, and has put me in shame, and thus was born this letter, in the most anguishing manner possible…

Indeed, the hours in which I spent writing this for you, I repeatedly prayed that Allāh accepts you all, and raises your status in the Gardens, and that Allāh bestows upon me a day, in which I will stand upon your graves, and send salutations upon you, and pray for you, and to request from Allāh that he lets me follow you (in martyrdom)… then I will attempt to protect whatever remains of that which is called "manhood"… and then I will step aside from your graves, then I will weep…

Yes, I will weep over you O my sister, and I will take pride in my weeping over you, for verily, your likes are to be cried over, by Allāh, for your likes heads are lowered due to embarrassment and shyness, from what you sisters took upon yourselves, and carried out in that sublime spectacle, as you did…

Pardon me, O my sister, for I was not capable of continuing, due to the tears covering my sight from my eye- and the immense splendour which you carried out, destroyed any purpose for me to write… perhaps, other than to just mention and remember you, and weep over you… in suffering, from your departure, and the departure of all those sisters who were with you… and the Mujāhidīn… who were killed along with you…
I will cry over you, because the sun will rise in the days to come, but your radiance will never be upon the land again, as it was… and the sun will mourn… and I will cry…

I will cry over you, because the evening star will ask regarding you, but it will never see you glowing over the land, as you did in your life… and the evening star will mourn… and I will cry…

As for the moon? Then you were the moon… the false moon which we see in the sky will mourn by your departure… and I will cry…

The place you prayed *Salāt* will mourn… and your prayer rug… and those winter nights in which you stood praying…

And the *Niqāb* will mourn, with the *Hijāb*… and the entire world will mourn… and I will cry…